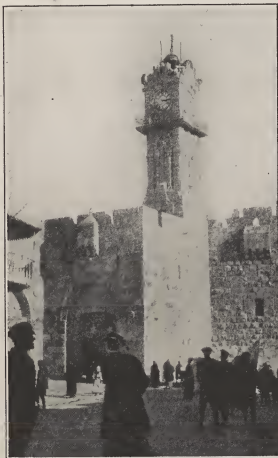


PROMISED LAND



Jaffa Gate and the Clock Tower Built by the Kaiser



Gethsemane, Palestine

By Maude Radford Warren

Some twenty-four hours later I was in an Arab village a few miles out of Jerusalem, attending an Arab wedding, with some members of the American colony. We were sitting on carpets in the guest house watching a man make coffee, and remembering the Scriptures about thorns crackling under a pot, for that's just what the camel thorn was doing, making a big and brief blaze. Our hosts, all men, were showing us the perfect hospitality of the East. The bridegroom was not

exactly the center of the party; it was the celebration itself, including especially the big feast he was paying for and that the women were getting ready.

Being wishful to see the bride, we went to a place that was half a cavern and half a house, built over a cellar where the animals stayed. It was without doors and had rocky shelves for sleeping rooms. The little bride, a pretty girl of fourteen, kept her head down and looked sad, as is the custom. I wouldn't blame a Moslem woman for looking sad under the circumstances. We wished her happiness and gave her wedding presents; then took our way in the straight down narrow winding alleys, escorted by half the village, listening to marriage cries uttered by an ancient lady with sheet-iron lungs, and helped over bad places by slender, hand hands with the thumbs curved out.

Presently the tall Arab at my side said: "Cit"—which is "Lady" or "Madam," when a foreigner is addressed—"I spik English. I was in Chicago seven-eight years—Chris Street; I had the cart with oranges. I like it, living in Chicago."

Here I asked the obvious question.

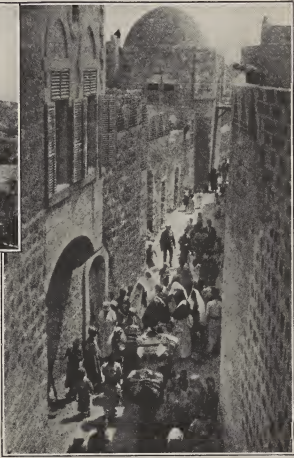
TO WHOM is the land of Palestine promised? That is what three sets of people in the country are asking—Arabs, Jews and Christians—and they are asking it in tones clear though not clamorous. The British Government believes that it has supplied the answer in its declaration that there will be, under the mandate, complete freedom and equality for all religions, equal justice for every person in the land, regardless of his station, his race or his creed.

The day before and the day after I reached Palestine I met two claimants and savored their love for the country. The first was a Jewish lad who had been born in Russia, brought up in the United States, and who had early become a Zionist. When the war broke out he had seen a chance of getting to Palestine by enlisting in Canada. He did finally reach Palestine with the British Army, and fought and advanced, in his rest camp taking a course in agriculture. When I met him he was wearing civilian clothes for the first time in six years.

"I am going back to Palestine," this boy said, "to work for the Jews in my country in whatever way I can. I want to be a farmer and I have enough money to buy a little land. Besides that my father owns some land there, though the Arabs are squatting on it, and the papers are in Bolsheviki land. But I can rent land or go on one of the settlements. I am not going to make a choice. I will say to them: 'You choose for me.' What I am afraid of is that they will choose for me to be a soldier and make a part of the Jewish battalion now to be formed in Palestine. I hate soldiering worse than anything I ever tried, but if my country needs me that way I'll be a soldier. For years I have wanted to do just this; to come to Palestine and live and die for it without any thought of myself."

A Sad Arab Bride

ALL this he said while we coped in Port Said with Egyptian soldiers who didn't want us to do anything we wanted to do, and with a pretty Turkish girl we were trying to look after. We would struggle fiercely, and this young Paul would be a man of action. Then would come a breathing spell, and he would turn into a poet, a patriot, a dreamer of dreams about the new Jerusalem.



A Jerusalem Street—Tomb of David in the Distance

"Cit, I came back because I have land and parents and a wife. I make more money in Chicago, but this is home here, and I am the only young man in the family. If I stayed in Chicago maybe my father would get tired. He would have debts and some day they would make him to pay or do something to him. Then maybe he would sell his land to the Jews. The Jews would have that land outside the village where I was born. My father would look out and see them on his land. I am young and strong and I will not sell to Jews. So it is better I come back and help keep Arabs in this village that has never had Jews in it. Palestine is an Arab country, but they do not know it in Chicago."

Things Not in the Lesson Leaf

PALESTINE is claimed by all three of us—Arabs and Jews and Christians. If the average American who has not been off his own continent were to be magically transported to Palestine it would seem vaguely familiar to him, and presently he would understand where he was. He would recognize the stony hills, the sparsely wooded spaces, the little flat-roofed buildings, the stately sheikhs in long robes with shawl-covered cinched heads sitting on donkeys, the tall women by wells with water vessels on their heads, the lonely shepherds on long slopes beside their huddled sheep. He would know it all, because he has been taught it vaguely in the Bible stories of his childhood. He has hung over religious pictures on Sundays, that being the main amusement allowed him; he has studied them in the lesson leaf in Sunday school, for want of other distraction, and what he has learned has remained in the hinterland of his mind, clothed with dignity and reverence.

But there is a good deal that has been left out of his knowledge. He hasn't seen a couple of Orientals squabbling with unutterable fierceness over the ownership of a measure of wheat, so that you'd think there'd be a murder presented. He has not seen them leading animals for no reason except habit. There aren't any Bible pictures that I recall which show the women carrying heavy bundles of thorn firewood, while the men ride beside them on donkeys. This, by the way, used very much to annoy the Australians, who were among the first troops to occupy Palestine. They used to take the man off



The Military Governor of Beersheba and His Hints

He was, lingering, late for dinner; it had begun, and two cocktails were standing at his place. Mrs. Bassett smiled at him through half-closed eyes, poised in the consideration of a subject he had missed. Lynn Graves couldn't make up his mind about her—there were times when she looked positively lovely, the finest essence of which women were compounded; and again she was white, dragged—dissipated was what he called her then. But her manner, her cordiality, was flawless; he had never before encountered such an invariable perfection of effortless hospitality—where her acquaintances, the people she approved, were concerned! She reached, on occasion, with equal ease, remarkable heights of the disagreeable. All the Bassetts, with their friends, were snobs, in another sense from that suspected of himself; they looked down, while he gazed up, in a way not untouched with—meanness.

The conversation, he discovered, was about absinth. Martha Read had described its effects on her, Sanford had characterized it as a rotten smell, while Mrs. Bassett recalled the fact that, observed through her husband—now dead—she had found it both amusing and decidedly trying. Ettie repeated the assertion that she cared for nothing but rye whisky, and Graves admitted a small partiality for Scotch.

"For the country at large—yes, for everyone," he admitted with a trace of defiance—"I'm in favor of prohibition." He didn't care if for once he had annoyed Ettie; he had a right, here as elsewhere, to his own opinions.

"I dare say you're right," Mrs. Bassett pleasantly replied. "drinking can be a terrific nuisance."

The others were silent and regarded him with a scarcely masked curiosity.

"It's a mistake certainly to give whisky to the Indians," Ettie put in when the pause had grown threatening. "I saw one fearfully drunk at the landing at Buckhorn yesterday." She turned to Mrs. Bassett. "Didn't I see Margaret Tyler at the camp this evening?"

The other nodded. "James William brought her to help me with some sewing; ridiculous little glass beads that had come off a sleeve. It's wonderful how she got them back; you'd never guess what patience and good taste. I want to keep her with me, but even if she is part Indian I couldn't think of Margaret in an inferior position; she might have absorbed all the dignity of the village."

"That may be true," Sanford objected, "but if you're any Indian you are all Indian. You don't know them, or the village, as well as I do. You mustn't be sentimental about them; nothing but a lot of dirty loafers!"

"My guide, Wesley Beaver, is as clean as anyone," Graves insisted, still on the defensive. "I'd like to know him better; and if I got through my responsibilities as well as he does I'd be very well satisfied."

Sanford admitted that Beaver was, for an Ojibway, unusually satisfactory.

"But you ought to see some of the older ones," he continued. "Wesley's young now and an ambitious bird. He'll lose all that and get sloppy; they always do. In the woods, on the lake, it's right to be dirty; on our landing stage, though, it's quite different. When a dirty person comes in contact with a clean one the trouble's on. Perhaps it's just civilized dirt that's so impossible. Before we came through here the Indians were splendid. The funniest thing of all, the very funniest, is that they are prudish. I asked John Fish if his girls smoked or ever got a pull at the bottle, and he was almost eloquent; he said no. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd refuse to paddle Ettie in that bathing suit of hers; he keeps her as far across the lake from the village as he can manage."

III

THE morning following, into which Graves' canoe stole, was so still that the lake seemed held in a vacuum. The sunlight had the appearance not of one source but of enveloping the earth in an even bath of brilliancy; the water was so still that the insects above it had the look of brushing a solid blue surface. Hot glitters flashed far across the surface, and shadows lay as transparent and perceptible on the water as in the air, while the contracted tall islands had a green magical unreality. There was apparently no other world but the clear depths embracing wooded points and shores, covering stone and roots, over which young perch hung with wavering fins. Already, before the heat of the day, the lake was drowsy; the measured flash of Beaver's lifted paddle blade had a hypnotic effect.

"Bad for fishing," he declared; "but we can keep in, put on a little lead and try down deep for bass."

Even that failed; and when at noon they left the canoe there was nothing to eat but the bacon, the toasted bread

and jam and tea from Oak Island. The Indian prepared lunch swiftly; a fire no larger than a handful of wood coals served for the bacon and boiling water at once, while he peeled a forlorn stick for the toast. When Graves had finished, Wesley Beaver, sitting on his heels a short distance away, drank his black tea and gathered up, obliterated, every trace of cooking; then, chipping tobacco from a plug, he retired to the shore and left Graves uninterrupted in ease.

He reviewed sleepily the conversation at dinner of the evening past, about the Ojibways; and the name Margaret Tyler flashed through his mind, his imagination stirred at the image of her with an immemorial primitive skill sewing glass beads on Mrs. Bassett's filmy super-civilized sleeves. What Sanford had said about the Indians, in spite of his own instinctive spirit of disagreement, struck him as probably true; there was, beyond a trivial occupation, nothing open to Beaver, nothing to which, signally, he was addressed. Guiding, fishing and trapping—pursuits in themselves of skill—were deadening to any larger ambition; the fact that Wesley was admittedly superior only served to make his ultimate disillusionment, his final surrender, more imminent and bitterly thorough.

The other appeared after an hour more had been lost in the breathless hush and suggested an effort to catch a big "nonge" at the mouth of a stream filled with weed. It was a remote place, and as he drove the canoe forward a mat of sweat spread, glistening over his broad dark face. Beaver ignored it, as he paid no attention to his cramped position. Lynn Graves studied this; no man could remain so long on his knees, with nothing softer between him and the bottom of the canoe than a piece of burlap, without discomfort and active pain. The other's knees were, like his own, flesh and sinew and susceptible to aggravated cramping; but, while with him, Graves, the hurt would master the determined performance of paddling, Wesley Beaver, through a stolid inheritance, could disregard, to that extent anyhow, the flesh.

Lynn Graves trolled at the entrance to the creek for a long period with no result. At times his spinners ceased playing and he reeled in the line, freed it from the weeds; twice he changed the lure; but no mackinonge struck. Then he was conscious of a sudden darkening of the air and, looking up, he saw a low bank of maroon cloud

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A New Feeling Stirred in Him: It Enhanced the Still Lake and Gave the Sound of a Whippoorwill in the Evergreens a Fresh Throbbing Intensity

the donkey, put the thorns on his head, pressing them down firmly, then set the lady in what they called her rightful place. What happened to the lady, once the soldiers were out of sight, history saith not, but one hopes that for a little space she enjoyed herself; that it was worth the subsequent proceedings.

Moreover, the average man has a vague idea that Palestine belongs to the Jews and that some day they must return to their old home. Ages ago the Israelites took Palestine by conquest from other races. Here they reached a magnificent state of spiritual development. The glories of Solomon still live, because the Jews have never let any of us forget them. But two thousand years ago the Jews lost by the sword what they had taken by the sword. Roman and Arab and Turk have ruled the land since those days and have dominated the remnant of the Jewish nation that remained faithful to Palestine; and yet in one sense the Jews have never lost the country. They have certainly been able to make the average American forget who else has claims on Palestine. It is very hard to get statistics here—a relic of the terror the Turks inspired—but there is, roughly speaking, one Jew to every eight or nine other Palestinians. And the other Palestinians, mostly Arab, care just as much about keeping the country as the Jews care about getting it.

Palestine is a country to touch one's sense of romance, of mystery and reverence. In the spring, when the bare hills are alight with scarlet anemones and blue and lavender and white flowers, it is a dream of beauty. I have seen it under the moonlight or the starlight, wrapped in the same loveliness that called forth the awe of the Three Wise Men. It has a compelling allure. But to live here forever, to come from overseas and pledge perpetual allegiance—well, that makes me think of a remark a perfect woman made to me the other day.

We had traveled about eighty miles on a villainous road in a sort of tin can called a car to visit a friend, a military governor, who lives like a king among thousands of Bedouins, who adore him. I don't blame them, for he is the best type of Englishman—generous, feudal perhaps in his feelings, but just and dependable. We saw everything, sheikhs in their tents, sheikhs holding court, the clubhouse originated by the governor, the market that has been held in the same place for three thousand years. We were given royal salutes by the police whenever we went outdoors. We saw avenues our host had laid out, gardens he had established. We saw perfect housekeeping in the desert. My pretty companion didn't miss a thing. She saw all that could be done for the native women.

Jerusalem the Golden

AS WE strolled through the market I knew she was longing to lay her hands on the babies and show their mother's love by the polite whenever we went outdoors. We saw avenues our host had laid out, gardens he had established. We saw perfect housekeeping in the desert. My pretty companion didn't miss a thing. She saw all that could be done for the native women.

Never have I felt such heat or known such blazing sunshine. Our tin can had to stop, so the sun beat on us unimpeded. I wore a topee, but my friend wore only a layer of straw over her head and a veil across her face. The sun faded her veil and tanned her face and blistered her neck. The dust swirled in on us and choked us. The hills were one glare for them. When we set off on our journey again we were both regretful at going and both a little dreamy perhaps, because it had all been very romantic. Once on the road, romance fled from me very promptly.



Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner of Palestine (Right), Colonel Sterra, Military Governor of Jerusalem, and Arabs



A Sketch of the Temple Area, Jerusalem

looked with growing distaste at everything she saw; and at last, after two or three hours, she said tensely: "I can understand how people would be willing to live in almost any part of the United States, but as to this country—well, anyone can have it, so far as I'm concerned."

It might be hard for the average American to adopt Palestine as a permanent home, yet as Christians we have an interest in it, especially in Jerusalem. Indeed Jerusalem today shows signs of American enterprise. There is the American colony, a religious cooperative community, which does a great deal of good with its shops and stores and charities. There is the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and the Near East Relief, all of which have made their mark on the city.

The sewerage system in Jerusalem is due to the American Y. M. C. A. When the city was occupied neither the British military nor the civil organizations saw their way to appropriating money for a sewerage system. The American secretary at the head of the Y. M. C. A., who had had experience with the disease that comes from a city whose sewage is badly handled, acted promptly, sent

to Cairo and bought a secondhand outfit he knew of, a steam pump, sealed carts, and so on, which are still in use.

If it had not been for the war we should have been lavishly represented in the oil business. But it is as tourists that we have shown an especial flair for Jerusalem. How many of us have had our inspiration on the Mount of Olives, gazing at the slopes which those who have learned to revere used to see! We have climbed to the Temple Rock and seen the Mosque of Omar; we have gone down the Street of Sorrows, passed through the Damascus Gate; we have perhaps felt with a fresh shock, as people do ten or twenty times during their three score years and ten, the strangeness of this common thing called life. We have felt the picturesqueness of the heterogeneous races in Jerusalem: Jews and Samaritans, Arabs and Christians of varying creeds—Jews with their pale faces and long curls and fur-trimmed hats; Bedouins in their striped yellow silk underrobes and long black abas, their fine, dark faces showing keen under their head coverings; other Arabs in European dress, some of them blinded in the right eye in childhood by their mothers that they might escape being conscripted by the Turks; still other Arabs on the road to European dress, wearing robes with coats and waistcoats; street vendors and carriage drivers, donkeys and strings of camels, color and graceful motion, chatter and street cries, church bells, and in the background the gaunt hills, the olive orchards and here and there the dark spires of the cypress trees.

The Waiting Place of the Jews

WHAT happens ultimately to Palestine is the concern of half the world, since every Moslem, Jew and Christian sees in Palestine a holy land. We all have a claim, but in a sense the Jew's claim is the deepest, because he has never let Palestine go out of his soul. Throughout all the ages, since the Romans swept away the last traces of the Jewish nation, the Jews have turned to Jerusalem in their Feasts of the Passover, in their services and prayers. They believe in the promise of Jehovah: "Ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers."

The poets among them, from David down to some little East Side Jew crouched over his machine, making verses during the most mechanical moments of his toil—they all sing of the passion of the exile for his home, his Zion. Only yesterday I stood at the Waiting Place of the Jews, the foot of a wall which was probably one part of the temple. A magnificent structure it is, made of great stones, some sixty feet above where the road used to be. There are old nails pounded in between the courses to symbolize possession in accordance with the passage in Ezra, "to give a nail in his holy place." The crevices are blackened where the Jews have set in candles which burned as they prayed. And such walling as it was! They swayed back and forth, reading from their holy books of their bygone glories, tears streaming down their faces. "For the temple that is destroyed," they chanted, "we sit in solitude and mourn."

And mourn they did, hour after hour. There were two girls who sobbed and wept most appallingly. I couldn't help wondering if they were not unhappy over some personal loss besides the loss of their Kingdom. A regular or granted chance to wait might sometimes be a relief to women with a grief that must be hidden from the world. But no one could listen to the wailing without wishing that the Jews could somehow have what they want. On the other hand, as I walked homeward, climbing innumerable steps to get to the Street of David, I passed sixty Arab beggars also wanting something, not only immediate assistance, but

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seventy-five per cent of the total output, with national distribution. Dad said there was a market for the article stocked by selling energy, and that proved to be true. To-day the big handicap is that five-year period in which the article was in the Pacific Coast city had been showing such demand that it was singled out for special sales development. Retail merchants in that territory could not be said really to sell it. When customers who had already made up their minds came in to buy, they wanted the goods in stock. But they did not back it up with service, instruction or repairs and made practically no effort to interest new customers. A service branch was organized, but it was advertising used to increase demand. This branch sold the device to the public at retail, but, being located in the wholesale section, its business amounted to that of another retail store and could hardly be considered competitive. On the contrary, it backed the retailers with a handy supply of goods and parts and stood ready to handle any technical troubles that they might get into. The trust in that territory and had a similar service branch. How far the constructive selling viewpoint has been eliminated from the average business man's make-up during the war is shown by the fact that the retail merchants in this city, through their trade organization, initiated a plan to close the independent factory's service branch was closed they would stop selling its product. And the branch was closed, not through apprehension but because the sales department of that factory is not yet strong enough to meet such a situation by systematic dealer education. Many organizations of that kind have come into existence, to control territory, parcel out ready-made demand, boost profits and create local monopolies more potent than any other. Competition in a rehabilitated buyers' market will blow through them like a gale.

"It is only in the production, production!" says dad. "But always to the wage earner. He is producing. Over-production is in sight. But a hundred thousand salesmen and salaried men are playing golf. The national investment in golf links the past five years would make a hole in the national debt. These fellows who should be developing markets at home and abroad for the increased output of factories enlarged during the war are taking exercise to prevent nervous breakdown, listening to warnings against the high tension of American business, dodging work to keep well. It is time somebody preached production to them."

Salesmen, Not Apologists

"For five years the humble buyer, seeking goods, has pleaded for a moment of the salesman's time, apologized for talking business, offered to pay any price for any quantity, no matter how small—and interfered with the salesman's good spirit. Although the salesman could take goods out of a hat! Now the situation has changed, but instead of jumping in with a little ready work to get business going again, he decides that business is sick, too, and is gloomy about it."

One day a New York executive called a meeting of salesmen in his Eastern territory. For three days they listened to his explanation of a new policy and discussed methods of applying it. Then they scattered and got busy.

In a little two-by-four shop on Main Street in a factory town, the salesman is selling this concern's products has been trying to survive boom times the past five years. All his attention centered on getting enough goods to keep the store open in enough turnover to make a living. Before the war salesmen from competitive

manufacturers visited him every few days seeking orders. Since 1918 their visits have been rare. "What can I do for you today?" he asks. "But this has become his own anxious question: "Is there any chance of doing something for me, the salesman, who now find myself among your big customers, but could you get me some merchandise?" And the salesman, doing little or nothing for the small retailer, knows on occasion, occasionally, has not always taken pains even to conceal apathy. But now there is a change so far as the salesman of this particular company are concerned. They visit the little retailer, discuss his difficulties, boost his quota of merchandise and outline a schedule of steady increases. They are, by and by, more, not apologists. The boss made his new policy very definite.

The Time to Create Goodwill

"Now is the time to create goodwill," he announced. "Our line is competitive. It has been hampered only by lack of raw materials. Production is creeping up. Inside the year it will pass demand. Thousands of retailers are waiting for that situation, and what they will do to salesmen and manufacturers who have neglected them, ignored their problems and even gone out of their way to step on them will be plenty." We want them to look upon us as their friends.

Behind the counter, salesmanship is the retailer's chief means of meeting two difficulties—public lethargy in buying and the retailer's own problems and even going out of their way to step on them will be plenty. We want them to look upon us as their friends. Behind the counter, salesmanship is the retailer's chief means of meeting two difficulties—public lethargy in buying and the retailer's own problems and even going out of their way to step on them will be plenty. We want them to look upon us as their friends.

The public has one only two ways of showing results—by obtaining merchandise at lower prices and by reducing his own costs in doing business. In normal times this would be the third way of increasing his turnover, but turnover has dropped alarmingly, and it is necessary to change the public's psychology before it begins to rise again. Wholesale prices show reductions, indicating marked changes maybe a year hence. But for the present a ten or twenty per cent decrease in cheviot or percale makes an insignificant showing in the retail price of a suit of clothes or a shirt. Labor, distribution, overhead and profits are the real factors. So the retailer must shave his profits, weed out careless and incompetent clerks, cut his barest sales people from his selling and service.

The real merchant now stands out above the passive storekeeper. Recognizing the demand of his customers for results and building upon the summer carnival of miscellaneous bargains, he announces a broad policy of abolishing his own profit on some staple line of goods. It may be suits, hats, shoes, but this line is honestly sold at the wholesale price plus his own cost of doing business. This makes a rallying point, brings the public into his store; and real salesmanship, concentrated on other lines of goods, carries reasonable profits through the rest. In this situation, naturally, there is no place behind the counter for indifference to the customer. The sales end is being dropped everywhere, and at the same time the real salesman and saleswoman are sought. The real article is distinguished

by the simple process of measurement—results shown in sales compared with salary. Salesmen and saleswomen are recognized in places where they have almost become extinct. The railroads are a handy illustration. Under government operation the public has had to sit in windows, and was glad to get any sleeper reservations and reduced travel to the minimum, both as a personal necessity and to relieve congestion. Friendliness and service on the freight end disappeared with the abolition of the traffic departments. When a dozen railroads were competing for the haulage of fruit and vegetables from Florida, the shipper had a choice of routes to Northern markets, and the traffic men facilitated managers by division in routing, inspection of perishables en route, and similar service. Under government operation these refinements of service were often eliminated along with the traffic man.

To-day, despite their inheritance of tangles and troubles, the railroads are actually engineering travel and freight shipments! Tickets are sold as though passengers meant something in the welfare of a railroad; excursion rates are made to fill railcars on traffic curves; alluring descriptions of fishing, hunting and pleasure regions light up time-tables. The freight-trailer man comes round again with suggestions and assistance instead of apologies where congestion exists and with a forward look to more business in a year. The shipping line has the still job of reconciling the public and the shipper to higher rates, building the turnover for the course of prices after the war, based on bringing back to the railroads freight and passenger traffic which has been diverted to the motor truck, automobile, trolley, car, bus, and other means of transport and other competitive forms of transportation.

A Case of State of Mind

Puzzled economists, baffled by stubborn refusal of the business situation to work itself out according to the apparent facts, have found a refuge in the explanation "state of mind." Careful predictions as to the course of prices after the war, based on the past, are amusing now in the light of what happened during 1919. Why? "State of mind." The world is short of goods, but factories shut down. "State of mind." The merchant's shelves are nearly bare, yet he will not buy. "State of mind." The public should have saved his money, but spends it in reckless extravagances. "State of mind." The public should be spending now to rehabilitate business, but is on a strike. "State of mind."

"State of mind" slowed down the salesman, turned him into a trouble shooter, forced him to run away from buyers and finally put him almost asleep. When Europe stopped producing and selling and poured billions of dollars' worth of orders for military clothing, food and military supplies into this country, the salesman's occupation was gone. Things sold themselves. Quality didn't matter, price didn't matter, service didn't matter.

Nobody dreamed that there would be a post-war international market—that some day Europe would have to pay off her debts to us, and pay in goods that would compete with our own at home and abroad. This contingency is just beginning to dawn upon a good many business men responsible for the sales, distribution and advertising of our industries.

If salesmen render any service to business it is in the changing of states of mind, replacing wrong viewpoints with right ones, substituting good psychology for bad. "State of mind" is the unknown factor in business to-day, and the factor that must first be tackled and mastered. The sales end is the place to tackle it—the place for resurrections, revivals, resuscitations, reanimations.

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"The Russians—they are not like us; they talk and talk and dream and dream. But we want to work and win."

"The British Jews needn't think they are going to run things just because Great Britain has the protection of an American and an English Jew is high commissioner."

"The American Jews behave as if the whole future of Zionism and Palestine depends on the American Zionist. They'd better watch themselves."

And while we are on the subject, The Jewish World says: "The American Zionists, like the American everything else, have set their minds to bossing the whole show, with make-believe that the whole concern is theirs. It is local patriotism diseased and gone putrid—the insatiable, vulgar self-boasting of the American Jew, which he has assimilated from among the worst of Yankee characteristics."

Birds in their little nests agree.

Besides mere local bickering rising from the fact that, though the Jews may belong to Palestine in spirit, in body and in mind they have been brought up in other countries, there is a more danger. Certain of the European Zionists have learned, especially in the last few years, to think radically—and more than radically. Unless I am grievously mistaken, there will be a spirit of Bolshevism among Jews, which may spread to the harm of their work.

But this is all in the future. Meantime the farming goes on successfully. Meantime the Jewish Chamber of Commerce in Palestine is interested in all sorts of questions which it has passed on to the authorities concerned: not only questions of breakwaters and railroads but the granting of permits for restricted foodstuffs, direct shipping facilities, the thefts upon the Palestine military railways, an arbitration and disputes board, a telephone system, the Turkish paper currency, railway tariffs, tax on industrial salt, signboards on private houses, weights and measures, petitions to the rents commission, postal delays, trade relationships with other countries, vegetables from the villages, commercial credits between Palestine and other countries, trade-marks, coin nomenclature and many other matters. It would really seem that the Jews are not missing much.

For two thousand years the Jews have advertised themselves with signal success. They consider that no one could be so stupid as to out the conviction that Palestine belongs to them. To large masses of the world's population they have successfully sold themselves. Now they are about to receive the returns on their investment. But the Arabs have no gift for advertisement. Once they fall by force of arms they practice an Oriental fatalism and sit down to wait the course of events. Leading Arabs to whom I have talked admit that there is no immediate danger of Palestine being occupied by the Jews, but they are afraid of the future.

Waiting for a Mosque

"If only Great Britain had waited," the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem said to me. "If she had waited fifteen or twenty years before allowing the Jews to have a national home here the Arabs would have been able to cope with the situation. But see how we have been placed. We have been under the oppression of the Turks exactly as the Jews here have. We are few now, and we are protected by the British, but we have not yet been able to organize delegations and commissions and propaganda departments. We wish to set our houses in order, but we are at a loss to know how to begin. We have no training, few of us are educated, there are not many wealthy men in our country. For them you must go to Bagdad. We do not object to the Jews having a home in Palestine, but we don't want so many of them to come that they will push us out of our homes."

At this point someone—a Christian—remarked that it had been a tactical blunder for the Moslems to refuse to the Jews any of their holy sites except the Place of Wailing and the Tomb of Rachel; that it was a pity they were not allowed on the Temple Rock, to which they have as much right as any other religious sect, while in Hebron they are not allowed to go more than seven steps toward the mosque which is built over the tombs of Abraham and Sarah and Isaac and Jacob. This was pretty plain talk to the Grand Mufti, who is the religious head of the Moslems in Jerusalem. But he seems to be a man of honor. He turned a slow, quiet smile upon us all, and

then we understood and burst into peals of laughter.

For on this matter of religious toleration no one's skirts are clear. The Jews would be burned before they would allow a Moslem to enter on the site of Rachel's tomb. In the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is the property of several sects of Christians, the Turks used to have so much further, and told stories such as these: A young newspaper man the other day went to the Place of Wailing and saw one of his friends weeping and mourning. He plucked him by the sleeve.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked.

"Me—I'm weeping."

"What are you weeping for? Aren't there plenty of Jews in Jerusalem? And haven't you got a Jewish girlfriend?"

"Yes, I know, but I want the Mosque of Omar."

One of the most interesting Arabs I met is the mayor of Jerusalem, a man educated mostly in Paris and married to a Christian, and yet very much a Moslem and an Arab. He is said to be a very good mayor. On his council there is a representation of Christians and Jews.

Arab Opinions

"We all work well together," he told me, "and as I sometimes don't get home to lunch till four o'clock, you will see that there is a good deal to be in this municipality in regard to license giving, road repairs, water taxes and all the rest of the routine. I think the average Arab would have no objection to the immigration of Jews if he could be sure that they would make their national home harmoniously by living peacefully with the sedentary Jews; they want to take someone else's home they are going to find resistance. I believe that the British Government will keep its places, in which case all will go well."

"A number of Arabs will sell their land to the Jews, because they are heavily in debt. They will sell all get because they are poor and perhaps they will make a bad bargain for themselves. But there are countless others who will not sell because they have a farm. They have a gift for it, even though they use primitive implements and farm wastefully. They are really drawn to the Jews much more than are the Jews. You will find only too many Arab fellah in the employ of Jews."

"On the other hand, if you will go to some of the little houses that were built for the Jewish colonists here years ago you won't find houses at all. You will find a Jew looking out of his back window at his farm being farmed for him by an Arab fellah, and you will see that his front window have been built into the window of a shop. He's not got specimens of his farming on exhibition; he is selling a little dried fish and fruit and acting as a shopkeeper, a merchant. He has been warned by his leaders that he mustn't enter Palestine to become a merchant or a trader on his own soil. It is any more than he can help wishing to get back to Palestine. I have faith first and last in the Arab. There is the Arab who feels that which will be his main reliance—that and the British Government."

Not all Arabs talk in that way. I had an interesting conversation with a brilliant man who mourned over the fate of Palestine just as much as the Jews mourn at the Place of Wailing.

"It's hopeless," he said. "We are done for. The Jews mean to push us out, and they will. We did try armed resistance at Easter here and there, but it failed. Armed resistance is the only kind that we know anything about. We have no skill in propaganda or training. There is what will happen: The Jews, with all their organization and money behind them, will buy our land. There are three classes of Arabs who will sell. There is the Arab who feels that the Jews have come to stay, who can't bear their proximity, and who sells and moves to Syria or Mesopotamia. There is the Arab who will sell, spend a little of his money here and then get out. Then there is the Arab, ninety-five per cent of him, who will

(Continued on Page 132)

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sell and conceal all his money. Then what is left for him? Starve? Perhaps so. He has been driven down and he has done it all his wrongs, as some of them are doing now, since military resistance is impossible. But he is much more likely to turn bandit and rob the Jews. The Jews are likely to pay people to sit up and watch the crops at night for they will be stolen. And what will he do to Arab? He will do all he can so many of the nation turn bandits? There's no way to say there's land enough for everyone. There won't be when the Jews get started, not unless the Arabs are to be a manufacturing country. No, things are going to happen in the future to the Arab. Sometimes when they are sleeping at night and see the wine shops full of young Arabs talking and talking and doing a lot of things I wonder why they don't get a leader or two who would organize them peacefully against the Jews. The poorest Jew in Palestine will give till it hurts to the few cash cases. When they take up a collection for Zionism a man will come in with her jewelry, a man will give his only cow. But so far to Arab has been found to be a Rothschild to his nation. If it were the rich men so inclined they could make any organization they like to keep to themselves; they could subsidize the fellahin to keep them from selling or from working the land. They could send their brilliant youths to get the world's best technical training; they could enforce a new system of education, and in fifteen or twenty years, when the changes in the Zionism will rise, they could combat it. They need not be afraid of being overrun with them. With their own organization and the pledge of the British Government, they hold on Palestine would be invulnerable.

Meanwhile here in Palestine the British mandate is working out. They have got several thousand Indian troops in Palestine and a few British to keep order, and an army strong enough to do anything. One of my chief pleasures is to see Tommie and me walking round with an American Y. M. C. A. guide who used to be with the First Division in the Campaign and the Red Cross, and he is walking in the bazaars, buying souvenirs—olive-wood eggs, on which to darn buttons, and a lot of things that are made of itself, candlesticks, mother-of-pearl beads and sometimes a heavy metal anklet. Tommie is having a good enough time in Palestine.

The same may be said for the officials who are running the government. They are Jews, except the one or two English, but they have their clubs and their polo, their tennis and tennis dinners. They say they don't work, and the high commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel,

Sir Herbert Samuel's Policy

The other day I was driving luxuriously in the handsome car in Jerusalem, owned by Daniel Datus, an Arab, who, enjoying the sensation of being in Zion, was driving a common to the cars I have never seen. I meant to get inside the walls to buy some of the exquisite and costly native wares and sold in the American colonial shops, and I had chosen a hot hour of the day, when the streets are full of foot-crowds. At the Joppa Gate a tall policeman stopped me—very sorry. I have to stop me on that street I'd have to walk through a line of men, and, being a sunstroke. The street was lined with spectators, Arabs and Jews. Presently they took a party of us to the market, including a big British flag and a little driver; then another car almost as nice as the one we were in, and a man in a uniform, Sir Herbert Samuel, high commissioner of Palestine, and Colonel Storms, military governor of Jerusalem.

Sir Herbert was on his way to Cairo, this being the difficult time of the troubles in Damascus and conferences with Lord Curzon, although the order of the day was the meticulous manner in which Sir Herbert's way is always cleared is carried out by the British. He is going to inspect the natives I do not know. The high commissioners of Mesopotamia and of Egypt drive about more inconspicuously. In any case I was very sorry that Sir Herbert Samuel was going to Cairo, for though it is said he never gives interviews, I hoped to persuade him to

when he was a good deal commended for his public services. I was struck with the impression of fair-mindedness he conveyed in his speech, and his imperpenetrability. He does not seem to be a man who could be easily swayed by argument or by entreaty; he will do his work in the way in which he thinks best. He is a Jew, and he was appointed, among other reasons, as a tribute to the Jewish race, nevertheless he is not a Jew in his politics in his administration. He will be a Jew in his national and not as a Palestinian Jew. Not all the Jews know this. The educated Arabs know it, but not the ignorant. How could they? The other day there came from the desert two handsome, slim, liquid-eyed fellows, with a certain dash about them. They came to the American colonial office. They kept a room for Bedouin guests. They made a beautiful figure as they strode across the cool green-park courtyard in their long silk underdresses, dark brown abas, their silk handkerchiefs or shawls on their heads. After courteous salutations they said words to this effect:

"Our father has sent us to see the sights of the world. We have come here to see the king of the Jews."

Coming Changes for the Better

The high commissioner, early in July, read the King's message to the people of Palestine, and his own declaration. Palestine will be a Jewish and British country, which are not yet determined, is to constitute a separate administration in direct contact with the British high commissioners in London. When the mandate has passed through its final stages the civil service will have security of employment, with pension rights for certain officials. The higher ranks are to be British until fully qualified Palestinians are able to take a wide range of posts in the civil administration. The other ranks are to be open to Palestinians, irrespective of creed. Sir Herbert Samuel is now choosing an advisory council, most of the members of which will advise about the budget, drafts of ordinances and other such matters.

The first important statements of the high commissioner made was that in the draft treaty of peace an article is inserted providing for the appointment by the British Government of a special commission to study and regulate all questions and claims relating to the different religious communities in Palestine, the chairman to be appointed by the council of the League of Nations, the religious interests concerned being taken into account in the composition of the commission.

Further, the government, under the civil administration, takes over the railways and will begin immediate improvements. There is also under consideration a large program of public works, including the construction and improvement of roads, the development of electricity and telephonic communication, the provision of electric power, drainage, afforestation and the early establishment of banks. The grant of long-time credits to agricultural and urban workers. The high commissioner hopes to arrange for a loan, as soon as the status of the mandate is settled, for an amount as will allow the plans to begin.

The government particularly wants to assure the Jews that the Jewish character of the country. Sir Herbert Samuel stated in his declaration that land sales would soon begin again, subject to restrictions bound up with the present financial emergency. The mission would be appointed; that assurance of land would be undertaken, and in connection with it a land code establishing the boundaries and titles of properties.

And faith, it is needed! Anyone trying to get a title in the land system of Palestine might as well inquire at the nearest madhouse. The taxation of city property, for example, is done on the scale of what it would be if the city were a town. What is registered at about one-tenth of what was originally paid for it. Under the Turks, many who were in with the government could get a low rate of registration—at a

price. Then suppose a man decided to sell his land; his neighbors could demand priority rights and buy in the property at the price of registration. So a man does not always get the full value of his land. Then every piece of property is divided into twenty-four parts. A man may own only one or two, and his neighbors own twenty parts of a whole lot; if he does not come to an amicable financial agreement with the owner of the other four parts, the latter has the right to move in beside him.

Behind the land tax, an agricultural market price of all his produce to the government. This was not done, but under the Turks the abuse of collections was shocking. The job of collection was given to the highest bidder of a district. Whoever wanted to bid must give good land security and pay cash down. Then he began to collect he made his own estimates and got abundant interest on his investment. The farmer was lucky indeed who gave up only one-eighth of his crop. Nor was the hiding necessarily fair. If an effendi had great influence and wished to bid no one dared to bid against him. If an effendi had no such power, his neighbors have regretted it for the rest of his life. But big men did not interfere with one another; they respected their neighbor's grant.

Under the British occupation the scheme of a tax on one-eighth of the crop was not, but at least the assessment was honestly made. The government sends out men and villages send out men. Unless they come to an agreement, the government sends a commission. No doubt the British will revise this system.

As to the tax for the agriculturists in general, I tell you that merchants and other such people have no income tax to pay. More than that, except for a tax for street lighting, there is no tax on the owners of Jerusalem there is no taxation whatever. You may have an ample house and lot and not pay a cent of tax. The young men of the last lota. Moreover, church properties are not taxed; not only are buildings within the walls of Jerusalem exempt, but if people choose to marry and orchards. If they are married, the government will tax eleven per cent, with a one per cent municipality tax; they also pay an indirect tax on the purchase of citrus fruit, such as to speak, may rest their arms on the walls and look over at the fellah passing, with at least an eighth of all he produces, from wheat to camels.

Starvation Among Riches

Palestine is rich potentially. During the Turkish occupation people made money only by illegal means, through the government. Jerusalem was a good place for anyone who wished to profit. A man who wished to be governor of Jerusalem would pay to maintain a mill with an output of three to four hundred pounds for the year. His salary was twenty-five or thirty pounds a month, and he would make money—sometimes by arranging land sales for the Jews. The average officials received from four to five pounds a month, but they, too, made money.

Not so the people. Not very much money was made in the bazaars. People were dead on every hand. They could not collect salt from the shores of the Dead Sea, because salt was a government monopoly. They could not export iron from the Salahi. They could not export sheep as they might, because fishing rights were—and are—farmed out, as the tax collecting used to be. The highest bidder in a district. Each successful bidder has his own office where the fish is sold, the bidder takes the fish to the market. The best part of town of Jafa has but one fish market.

No wonder many of the people in Palestine, particularly in Jerusalem, lived on the verge of starvation. The misery was not stopped. The misery was great. Some of the wretchedness was alleviated by American food sent over the sea. People died from hunger even in Jerusalem. People would sell a young daughter for a couple of fives of bully beef. Others tell me they used to go out laden with tin of food to

throw to the starving people by the roadside, and yet they never told that they had lessened the want. But after British occupation the soldiers brought a great deal of oranges, and the oranges were sold in oranges might make two or three dollars a day. In a year and a half the country made as much as it generally does after four years of Turkish rule.

Just now business is slack. People have the air of waiting. They need, particularly in Jerusalem, a good deal of money to be repaid to public health and education. Their ideas of sanitation are sketchy; and as for education, not more than ten per cent of the children of the country have their country developed as promptly as possible. One British company has already started a school, but the school is one of some of the quarries in order to build houses for the inhabitants. The architect, who did not know I was a chiel among 'em said that the company had a long lease of land to get as much percentage of profit as they could get in England, but that he thought the company had a long lease of prosperity and usefulness before it.

Rough and Ready Justice

If the country is to develop agriculturally as well as agriculturally it needs fuel. The Standard Oil Company has secured a wide concession from the Turks—a concession which the exigencies of war prevented from using. Then the war broke out it was a little bit of a miracle that it got to Egypt. Great Britain bought some of it and used it to run the water supply up Jerusalem. It was a good deal of the piping it bought was used in piping the present supply of water into Jerusalem.

At present the Standard Oil men are waiting in Jerusalem for the concession to their old concession. It appears that nothing definite will be told them till the peace comes. The concession is so important that they believe that they will have their old concessions, and others say not. No real process of the concession for oil has been carried out, but there is a great deal of oil earned shore of the Dead Sea which seem to indicate its presence. It may not be anything like so promising as the oil supply in Persia and Mesopotamia.

Fuel is scarce in Palestine. Without oil or coal, the country is in a sorry state. Some people believe that there is coal to be found about the Dead Sea. But the oil is scarce. The concession for the oil could be found, and if it were found, the oil pipeline between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean could be carried out, then Palestine would be able to get the oil and all the fuel necessary to establish her as a big manufacturing center.

Property will come. I can shut my eyes and see great enterprises unravelling themselves like moving-picture films, but somehow the leaders of them are Jews, when there should be Arabs. The usual name of the Arab leaders. When I think of the Arabs I see the young men in the wine shops, or else the men in the bazaars, and I see the sorts of qualities that fit them to live in the desert, but unable to understand modern organization. I see a court of sheiks sitting under a tree, and I see a military governor sat at his desk, the sheiks in their picturesque garments arrayed on the other side of him, each man resting his right hand on the back of his sword. The plaintiff and the defendant come forward. Mahmoud Ali, let us say, has a case against the defendant, and he must keep a sheep. His own flock being afar pasturing, he annexed an adjacent ewe belonging to the plaintiff. The case is tried, this, but custom decreed that he must promptly pay for it, which Mahmoud Ali says he refuses to do. The disputants stand on either side of the judge, and their stories; then each man chooses a sheik, and the governor chooses one, to be the judges say the sheik of the plaintiff is wrong, and the sheik of the defendant is right, and the judge at the feet of the three judges and the sheik is discussed and decided. Rough justice, but doubtless sufficient, and certainly practical.

The British have the intention of dealing fairly with all parties till Palestine is capable of supporting a government. It is modern methods that are going to count in determining the balance of power. Wailing at the wall or mourning or sitting down to wait for the day of the Lord, is not immediate relief. Quite a lot of map making and race moving in these days. The tree is a good deal of a tree, it is a pretty good steel anchor for a nation.

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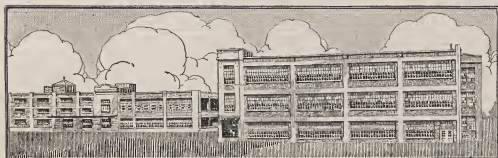
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